The World.

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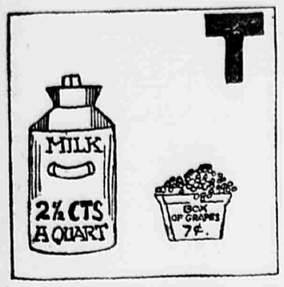
THE COST OF FOOD.



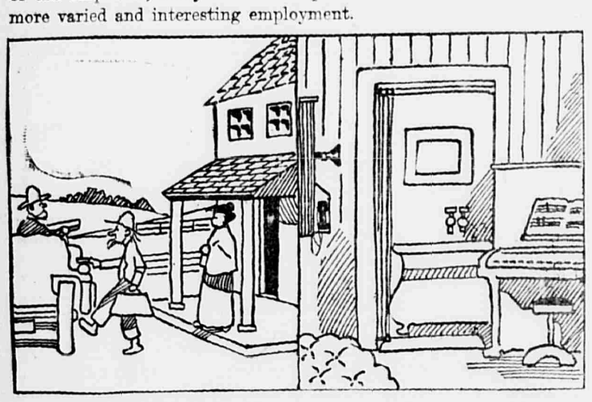
THE Department of Agriculture sent out several hundred thousand circulars to the farmers asking them why they are not more prosperous and happy and why their wives and children are not content with farm life. Also what is to be done to help them.

So far more than 100,000 farmers have replied. There are more than 10,000,000 farmers in the United States, including as farmers the farm help, gardeners and stockmen—that is, everybody who raises raw food material.

Concurrently, our enterprising contemporary, the Rural New Yorker, has been asking its readers to tell what is the matter with the farmer. Their answer is simple. It is that the farmer does not get enough money for what he sells and that the middleman takes more than half of every dollar the consumer pays.

If every farm-house had hot and cold water, plenty of heat, bathtubs, a piano and the other comforts of the city home, most people would rather live in a farm-house than in a flat.

If the farmer had to work no longer hours than the bricklayer or the carpenter, many men would prefer the outdoor work and the more varied and interesting employment.



What keeps the farmer from having all the comforts of life and some of the luxuries?

Only the hard fact that the farmer, after he has paid his taxes, the interest on his mortgage, for his groceries and his clothing, has little more than enough money left for a reduced rate excursion to New York or a week at the State Fair.

For instance, a Canandaigua grower furnishes an abstract of his grape shipments: For 1,120 baskets of grapes he received gross $102.61. The commission man deducted $9 for selling and $32.31 for freight and cartage. For the use of his vineyard, the fertilizer, pruning, cultivation, picking, baskets, crating and shipping the producer received 6½ cents and the consumer paid 25 or 30 cents.

An orchard farmer made five shipments of crab apples to commission men and received net 63 cents.

A vegetable grower sent shipments of melons and onions, for which he received a statement that they had sold for $137.66, but the expressage, cartage and charges left him owing the commission man $4.47.

There are scores of milkmen's statements that their net receipts per cow were less than $2 a month over the cost of feed and hired labor, allowing nothing for their own capital investment and their own labor.

While this is vital to the farmer, it is most important to the consumer.

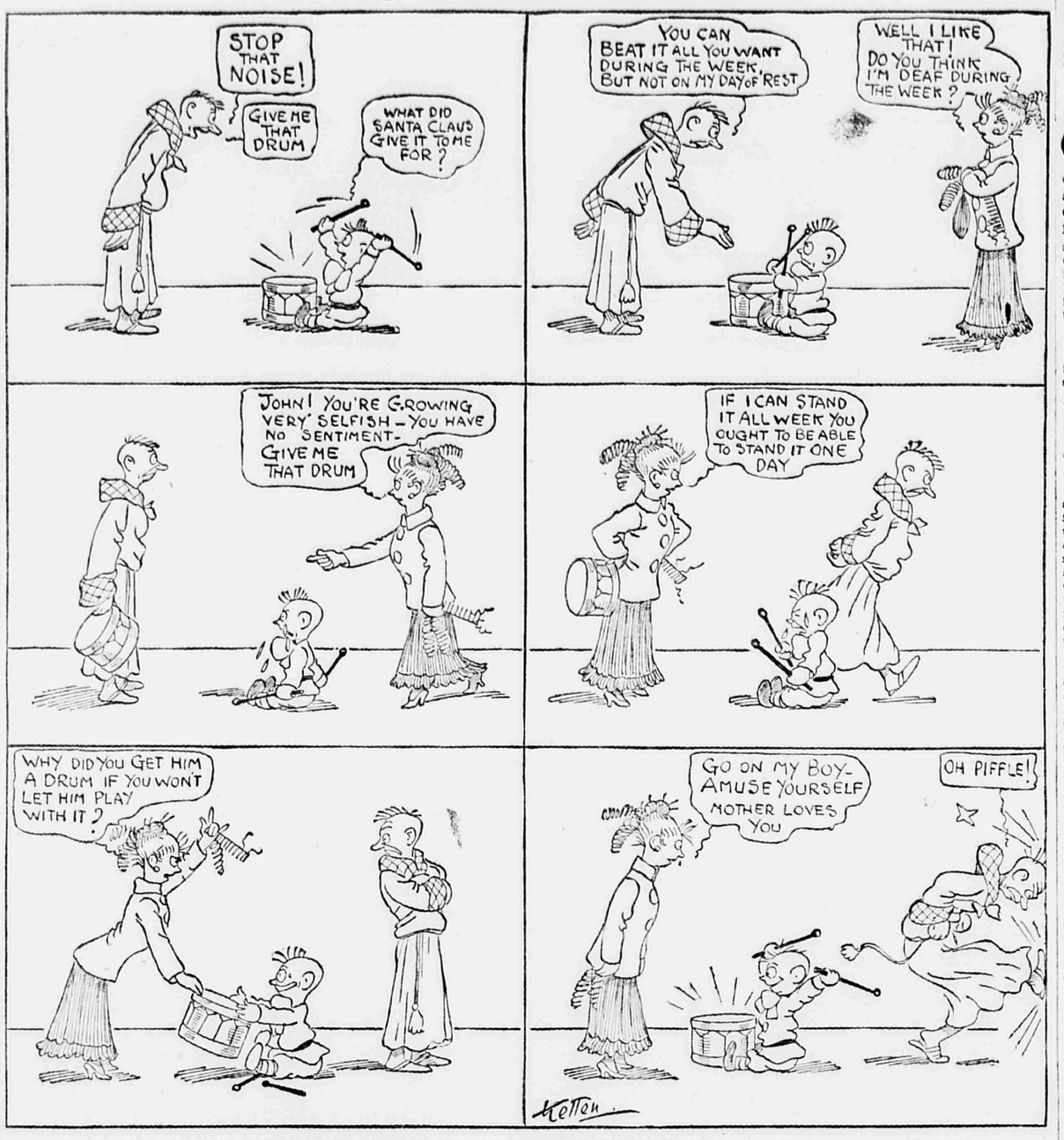
If farmers are willing to sell baskets of grapes for 7 cents, why should consumers have to pay a quarter?

If dairymen will produce milk for 2¼ cents a quart, why should the consumer pay 8?

Why should the consumer pay three times what the farmer gets? Suppose that the four million people of New York City who eat could get their food for one-third less, what a big difference it would make.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



"I'm All Right for the New Year," Says Mrs. Jarr to Mr. Jarr; "You Just Behave Yourself and We'll Get Along All Right."

By Roy L. McCardell.

"NOW that Christmas is over," said Mr. Jarr, profoundly, "let us make resolves to begin the New Year better"—

"Let us begin the new week better," interposed Mrs. Jarr. "This thing of reform beginning after awhile is not half as effectual as reform beginning NOW."

"Why, of course," said Mr. Jarr, falling straightway into the trap. "We can begin right now. I will wait till the New Year and climb aboard the water wagon, because, after all, a man must have a little fling, you know, but you can begin right away by resolving to be a little kind and patient"—

"What?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "ME?"

"Yes, you," said Mr. Jarr, "I want to tell you one serious fault you have, and if you could rid yourself of that one I wouldn't mind the others"—

"Well, I like that"—interposed Mrs. Jarr in a low, tense voice.

"I know you like it," continued Mr. Jarr, "and that's the reason you do it. But you should stop liking it and stop doing it. No, don't interrupt me," he added, as he saw Mrs. Jarr about to break in, "let me tell you your great fault: You get insulted too quick. I can't say a thing to you in a joke but what you think I mean to hurt your feelings. I can tell you nothing about other people and the things they say or do but what you think I'm going in a roundabout manner to chide you. I can't say Mrs. Kittingly had too much powder on her nose but what you think I meant that you have too much powder on your nose. I can't say that Mrs. Rangle looks untidy but what you think it is a sneaking way of telling you that you're untidy. I can't say that Mrs. Stryver is an ignorant woman or a wasteful woman but what you think I mean you and not her. In short, a married man, or at least that is my case, for one, has to talk like a snivelling hypocrite or else say nothing at all, because if he dare make the most innocent remark his wife thinks it is a direct reproof and call-down directed at her."

Mrs. Jarr stayed him with a gesture. "I need not have any doubts now as to the clarity of your remarks. They are not at all ambiguous," she said—for the madder Mrs. Jarr became the bigger words she always used. "I need not say that you are, for this time at least, directing your criticisms at me frankly, I may say brutally."

"Well, we'd get along better if you'd give me the benefit of the doubt," said Mr. Jarr, sticking to his guns, "I won't go about it in a roundabout manner. If I have anything unpleasant to say I'll come straight out with it."

"I have no doubt of that!" cried Mrs. Jarr, bursting into tears. "You never restrained an impulse in your married life, save generous ones. This is a nice way to talk to me during the holidays, when everybody should be so happy! Oh, don't worry yourself, you do indeed come right out with it when you have anything unpleasant to say! I've been a good wife to you and I have always been kind and I have put up with your brutal tempers, and here, out of a blue sky, when I hadn't said or done a thing, you accuse me of being a sneak, of being a woman that makes up her face like Mrs. Kittingly, of being a slomp like Mrs. Rangle, of being ignorant and wasteful like Mrs. Stryver. Oh, oh, oh!" And here Mrs. Jarr's grief became too great for words.

"Gee whiz!" cried the astounded Mr. Jarr. "Can't you be sensible a moment? Now we are right where we were trying not to be. At least I was trying not to be. Weren't you saying that we should make resolves for the New Year, or, rather, didn't I say it, and didn't you agree with me?"

"Yes, but I meant that we should give up bowling and going out at night and smoking and hanging out around saloons and spending money on loafers like the men that play pinochle at Gus's saloon on the corner," sobbed Mrs. Jarr.

"But 'we' don't do those things, at least I may do it a little, but you don't; you don't need to reform," said Mr. Jarr.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Jarr, "I'm all right; you just behave and we'll get along all right! That and one thing more!"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"That when you have anything to say to me come out and say it like a man!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Don't be criticising other people when I know all the time you mean ME by it."

"I swear I never will again!" said Mr. Jarr fervently.

Then they kissed and made up.

Letters From the People

Thunder and Lightning.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which comes first, the thunder or the lightning? A. C. B.

They are simultaneous. But as light travels much faster than sound, the lightning flash is seen before the thunder is heard.

Caldbeck, England, 1865.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When and where was Julia Marlowe, the actress, born? G. B. MacS.

Wants a Trade.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What would be a good trade for a boy to learn, readers? I don't know any trade. I am seventeen years of age and would like to learn one, as I am always changing my jobs. POOR BOY.

Punishment for Petty Theft.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

During the nighttime some of the night force employed at our store have been in the habit of breaking into my desk and stealing any cigars, cigarettes or postage stamps I happened to leave in the drawers. So one day recently I partly filled several cigars and cigarettes with smokeless gunpowder and fulminate caps, put them in a box, wrote on top of the box: "You dirty crook, leave these cigars and cigarettes alone!" and put the box in a closed drawer of my desk. Next morning it was gone. Will readers discuss the ethics of this rather interesting case? Was I justified in punishing the petty thief as I did? I suppose he must have been pretty badly burned in the explosion. Some of the clerks say I served him right. Some say I was wrong. How about it, wise readers?

LOWER BROADWAY.

"What Arrangement!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A vessel containing twenty-six persons (and a French captain besides) is in midocean. The lack of water necessitates half of the people being thrown overboard. There are thirteen Englishmen and thirteen Frenchmen. The wily captain devises an ingenious scheme that would appear fair to both parties. He explains thus: "I will arrange you twenty-six in a straight row, and every fourth person I count must submit to his fate." What mode of arrangement did he design to save all his own countrymen? GUSTAVE D.

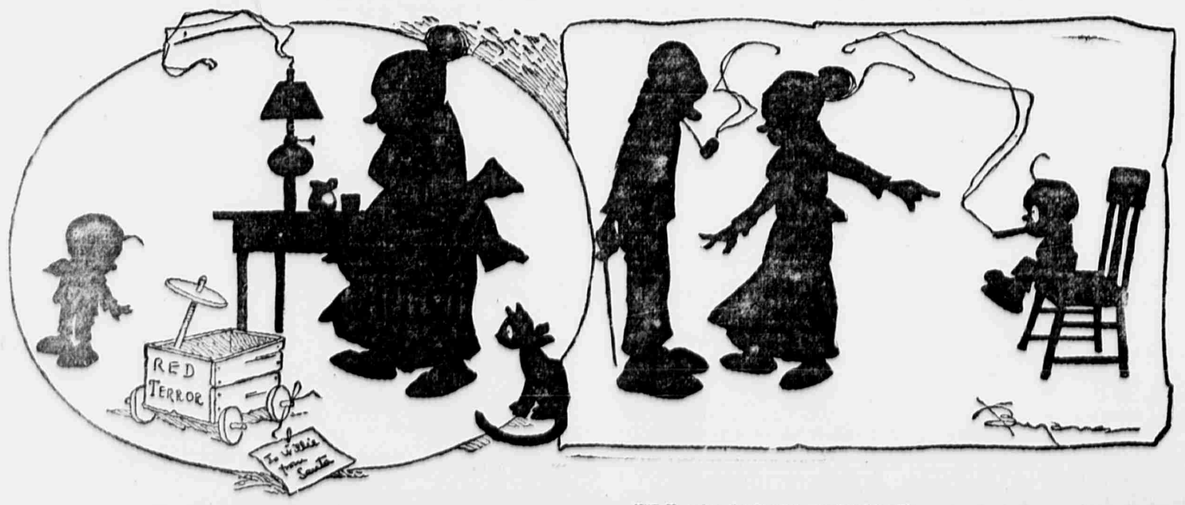
A's Share and B's.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In response to the query as to how much A and B each would possess if A had $3 less than three times the money B has, and both had $74, let me offer this solution: B h... A ... $74; 4x=76; B has ... =$55.

Holiday Fun in Silhouettes

By J. K. Bryans



"How do you like your Christmas present, Willie?"

"Well all I got ter say is dat Santa Claus is a blame poor mechanic!"

"Well, why don't you punish him?"

"I ain't got the heart, Maria. It's one of them cigars you gave me for Christmas!"

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO 30.—CASIMIR PULASKI.

CASIMIR PULASKI, Polish Count, revolutionist, outlaw and refugee lost his life for American liberty when he was only thirty-one.

As a mere boy he threw himself into the struggle for Polish liberty. At twenty-one he stirred up a revolt in Lithuania against the tyrannical Russians who were gradually crushing out Poland's national life. Owing to party strife he failed to do as much for his country as perhaps he otherwise might. Though elected Commander-in-Chief of the Polish army of independence in 1770, when but twenty-two years old, he was defeated in battle, and scored failure after failure. He is said to have made an unsuccessful attempt the next year to kidnap King Stanislas of Poland from the latter's Warsaw palace. As a result of various mishaps for which he was more or less responsible, Pulaski was outlawed, his estates confiscated and a price set on his head.

Pulaski fled for his life to Turkey, finding his way thence to France, a patriot without a country. In Paris he met Benjamin Franklin, and heard from the shrewd old philosopher-statesman the full story of America's struggle for liberty. Here at last was a chance for the fugitive to strike another blow for freedom. Armed with letters of introduction from Franklin, he sailed for Philadelphia in March, 1777, and joined Washington's army as a volunteer. Washington appointed the Pole to a place on the general staff. Pulaski's first American battle was at the Brandywine. There he rallied companies of retreating Americans, and so deployed them as to protect the retreat of our main army. For this service Congress made him a Brigadier-General.

A Fugitive Patriot.

As leader of cavalry, Pulaski performed dashing exploits in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and might have accomplished much more for the cause, but for ill feeling that sprang up among his troops. American-born officers did not like to be ordered about by a foreigner who could scarcely speak a word of their own language. There was so much discontent that Pulaski threw over his command. He persuaded Washington to raise a body of light infantry and cavalry, and to enlist for it all classes of men, including prisoners and deserters. The Count was made leader of this corps of 330 troops, which was known as the "Pulaski Legion." With his odd following he harried the British and won new fame. But he grew tired of holding so small a command. There was strife and discontent among the men. Pulaski gave up his office and decided to go back to Europe.

Washington persuaded him to stay in the army, and sent him South. To find new scope for his energies Pulaski entered Charleston, S. C., at the head of his tiny army on May 8, 1779. Three days later 900 British besieged the city. The municipal council was panic-stricken and wanted to surrender. Pulaski furiously declared he would fight while he had a man left. So bravely did he defend Charleston that he held the larger British force at bay until reinforcements could reach him. Then, as the enemy withdrew, Pulaski followed, hanging on their flanks and inflicting fearful losses upon them until the British were driven wholly out of South Carolina.

He was used to the cold, bracing climate of the North. The Southern summer's unbearable heat, and the steaming, unwholesome marshes, where he was often forced to camp, told upon the Pole's health. He fell seriously ill with malarial fever. But as fast as he recovered from one attack he continued his campaign against the British until another illness laid him low. His health wrecked, he fought on. The Americans were planning to march against the English forces that held Savannah, Ga. Pulaski, acting as advance guard, fell upon the unprepared enemy, captured some of their outer fortifications, and opened the road for communication between the patriots and the re-inforcing French fleet.

Pulaski's Last Charge.

The Americans then laid regular siege to Savannah. Pulaski was made leader of both the American and the French cavalry, and on Oct. 8, 1779, led his horsemen to a general assault on the enemy's lines. He galloped to the charge at the head of his men. Volley after volley from the British tore through the ranks of advancing cavalry. One shot struck Pulaski in the side, hurling him from the saddle.

The gallant young soldier of fortune was picked up, mortally wounded, and carried aboard the U. S. brig Wasp, which lay at anchor in the nearby harbor. There, two days later, he died, and was buried at sea. Pulaski's heroism and tragic fate made so deep an impression on the nation that Congress voted him a monument. This monument, by the way, has not yet been erected, although another one was built in 1855 by the citizens of Savannah.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent for each number to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland.

JACK and Jill went up the hill—the hill of Matrimony;
Jack fell down with an awful splash—and Jill got alimony!

According to divorce records, the worst dangers and pitfalls of Wall street all have yellow hair and run a typewriter.

Marriage is something like a fashionable pink tea; everybody inside is bored to death and longing to get out, and everybody outside is curious and anxious to get in.

No man was ever such a bitter woman hater that he could pass right by a hosiery shop without glancing in the window.

No, my dear, don't expect a man to propose on his knees, because in these busy times he is much more likely to propose on a windy street corner, or on the way to lunch—or just on the off chance that you may refuse him.

You can get so close to a beautiful painting that it will look just like a smudge, and a husband can get so close to a wife that she will look just like a blot on life.

Be very firm in telling a man that he mustn't make love to you—that is, if you are really anxious to have him begin at once.

A rich girl need not bother to cultivate the art of conversation in order to be fascinating. Her money will do the talking.

A man never wants champagne a second time from the same bottle—nor love again from the same girl.

-:- Cos Cob Nature Notes -:-

OUR Permanent and Temporary Selectmen over at Horseneck having got the town into a Big Hole, some of our citizens want to get us in deeper by putting us all in a Burrow. This will be received with great joy in No. Cos Cob, and other remote sections where they do not use sidewalks, sewers and other luxuries very much. It will give more Permanent and Temporary offices, too, and people like Judge Burnes and John Maher, the iceman, instead of being Assistant Permanent Selectmen, can be Permanent Burgesses, which is the elegant name given people who mismanage Burrows for those who are in them. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that honesty and efficiency in public office have more to do with keeping communities out of Holes than the form of government employed by our rulers. The end of this last scheme will simply mean more taxes and more profit for the smooth gentlemen who control the works.

Mr. Mellen quotes John Kendrick Bangs, a comic man who lives at Yonkers, N. Y., on the Stamford time table, as a reason why we should live in the country and pay money to his R.R. for riding on it, which is a reminder that Mr. Mellen's R.R. used to keep a comic man of its own. His name was Ike Bromley. He used to tickle the editors of the land so that none ever found fault with the R.R. Mr. Mellen still keeps an Ike Bromley. He is not the original, but a descendant, and is inclined to be solemn.

We are advised by a person from Nyack that Postmaster George B. Helmle, of that bailiwick, can claim more titles than any of the great men in Horseneck, and incloses a list. We have examined them with care and find that while they are numerous as stated 99 per cent. of them are eleemosynary and take up George's time for the benefit of somebody else. This is not at all the case with our Nobility. They look out for themselves first. Also second, third and fourth, and so on.

Everybody welcomes the snow. It spoils the skating, but sliding down hill takes its place. Some object to the latter because the sled has to be hauled up hill, which is not the case with skating. Besides, the snow is beautiful to the eye. The brown hills are now of dazzling whiteness and the green cedars show like emerald silhouettes against the snow. In the hollows the hemlocks bend with their burden of flakes, while the feet of the birds work little patterns in the white surface among the tall dry grasses by the roadside. Winter is a pleasant season if you look at it right.

Paris Cries for More Horses.

WHILE New York and London are talking about the displacement of horses through the growing use of electricity and of automobiles the number of horses used in Paris grows at a rapid rate.